Rich, Oh Villaines, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, eafily won to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that ſting my heart,
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre,
Vpon their ſpotted ſoules for this Offence.
Scroope, Sweet love (I ſee) changing his property,
Turnes to the ſowreſt, and moſt deadly hate:
Againe uncurſe their ſoules: their peace is made
With Heads, and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe
Have felt the worſt of deaths deſtroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Buſhy*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltſhire dead
Scroope. Yea, all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man ſpeake:
Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our Paper, and with Rainy Eyes
Write ſorrow in the boſome of the Earth.
Let's chuſe Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not ſo; for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that ſmall modell of the barren Earth,
Which ſerves as paſte, and cover to our bones:
For Heavens ſake let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome have beene depos'd, ſome ſlaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they have depos'd,
Some poyſon'd by their Wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique ſits
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,

As if this Fleſh, which walls about our Life,
VVere Braſſe impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little Pinne
Boares through his Caſtle VValls, and farewell King
Cover your heads, and mocke not fleſh and, blood
VVith ſolemne Reverence: throw away Reſpect,
Tradition, forme, and Ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtooke me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feele VVant,
Taſte Griefe, need Friends: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?
Carl. My Lord; wiſe men ne're waile their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives in your weakeneſſe, ſtrength unto your Foe;
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death.
VVhere fearing dying, payes death ſervile breath.
Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.
Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is over-blowne,
An eaſie taske it is to win our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lies our Vncle with his Power?
Speake ſweetly man, although thy lookes be ſowre.
Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the skie
The ſtate and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dull and heavy Eye:
My tongue hath but a heavier Tale to ſay:
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken,
Your Vncle *Yorke* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeilded up,
And all your ſoutherne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.
Rich. Thou haſt ſayd enough.
Beſhrew thee Coſin, which didſt lead me forth